

CHARIVARIA.

THE KING OF THE BELGIANS became seventy-four last week. He is really old enough now to know better.

The carelessness with which Acts of Parliament are drawn is notorious. The new Children's Act contains no provision to prevent children being left by their mothers in a horse-trough lined with mats and hay outside a public-house, and advantage is now being taken of this lack of foresight at Waltham Cross.

FRENCH NAVAL CRISIS.
POOR GUNNERY.
BAD MATERIAL.
NO AMMUNITION.

"Ah," sighed the Little Englander as he read the above headlines, "if only we had a navy like that! . . . Never mind, we must persevere."

MR. LEWIS HARCOURT having apologised to the House of Commons for a "stupid blunder," it is being asked why other Ministers do not act likewise. Of course the time of the House is limited.

It is rumoured that one of the Candidates for the Stratford-on-Avon division is of the opinion that SHAKESPEARE'S plays were written by BACON, and he is terrified lest a heckler shall ask a question on the subject.

MR. GERALD LAWRENCE and Miss FAY DAVIS are trying the experiment of giving SHAKESPEARE without scenery. If it should be a success we would suggest that at their next conference the Independent Labour Party might try the effect of performing without scenes.

"Amused Actor" writes to draw attention to one more instance of the impracticability of Socialist proposals. Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN'S suggestion for the Budget, seriously put forward in *The Clarion*, is "A super-tax of 3d. in the pound on incomes of £5,000 a year." Our Correspondent points out that no super is in receipt of an income approaching anywhere near that figure.

A small man has written to *The Daily Mail* to suggest the formation of a regiment of Territorials composed of citizens from five feet to five feet four inches in height. If only LITTLE TICH would consent to act as honorary colonel of such a body, success would be assured.

The heading in *The Express*, "COMPULSORY FROCKS FOR TYPISTS," has, we hear, caused considerable indignation among the young ladies concerned, who declare angrily that they are not Classical Dancers.

"Do you wear Shock Absorbers?" asks a pertinent advertisement in a certain half-penny newspaper which is sometimes called yellow.

In spite of a desperate attempt to revive the waning popularity of hot cross buns this year by a statement to the effect that they contain a large quantity of alcohol the sales on Good Friday were, we hear, no larger than usual, and the bakers are at a loss to know what to do to stem the growing irreligion of the masses.

Earthenware jars and glass bottles of curious design have been discovered in the course of excavations at Hampton Court. This looks as if the trippers of the past had a sense of tidiness, unknown to our age, in the matter of picnic debris.

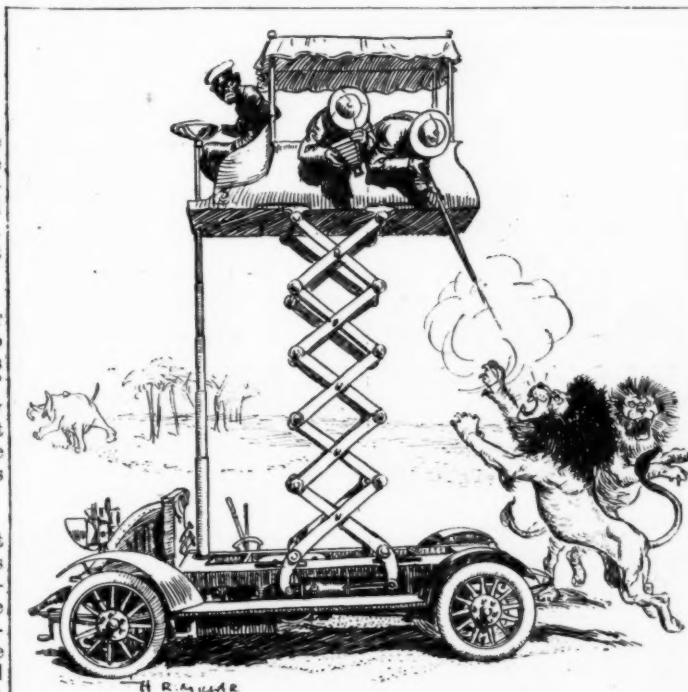
Rooks, a contemporary informs us, have deserted their ancient nesting place in Gray's Inn Gardens. It is ungenerously suggested that they could not stand the competition of the local lawyers.

The National Sea Fisheries Protection Association is to start a campaign with a view to popularise fish. The situation is rather a piquant one in view of the fact that the fish themselves are, we are informed, strongly opposed to popularity.

It is possible that Salisbury Plain will be thrown open to aerial navigators for experiments. At present the authorities are said to be boggling at the expense of covering such a vast area with mattresses.

A lady writes to ask us whether we think the Bath Pageant will be fit for her daughter to see.

The Editor of *Punch* extremely regrets the paragraph relating to Mr. SWINBURNE which appeared on this page in the issue of last week. Owing to the Easter holidays the number went to press much earlier than usual, and long before the sad news of Mr. SWINBURNE'S death was made known.



MR. PUNCH'S SPECIAL MOTOR-CARS.
VI.—FOR BIG GAME HUNTERS.

If they like to steal my sermons," said the Rev. B. M. KITSON in his manifesto to burglars, "they can." The Public may laugh, but we can assure them that a great many sermons are stolen.

Methuselah, the oldest tortoise at the Zoo, has now reached his 250th year. Considerable interest attaches to the only living contemporary of CHARLES II.

Sunderland is getting quite a reputation for tragedies. The other day it was a murder, and now it is reported that last week burglars broke into the offices of Messrs. JOHN RULE, secured a safe weighing 3 cwt., removed it to the opposite side of the river, burst it open, and found it empty.

IN MEMORIAM.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

BORN 1837. DIED APRIL 10TH, 1909.

What of the night? For now his day is done,
And he, the herald of the red sunrise,
Leaves us in shadow even as when the sun
Sinks from the sombre skies.

High peer of SHELLEY, with the chosen few
He shared the secrets of Apollo's lyre,
Nor less from Dionysian altars drew
The god's authentic fire.

Last of our land's great singers, dowered at birth
With music's passion, swift and sweet and strong,
Who taught in heavenly numbers, new to earth,
The wizardry of song—

His spirit, fashioned after Freedom's mould,
Impatient of the bonds that mortals bear,
Achieves a franchise large and uncontrolled,
Rapt through the void of air.

"What of the night?" For him no night can be;
The night is ours, left songless and forlorn;
Yet o'er the darkness, where he wanders free,
Behold, a star is born!

O. S.

HOME FISHERY FOR CITY CLERKS.

[This article seems to us in close accord with a certain class of fishing chronicle favoured by a contemporary, an eminent Sporting Weekly.]

THAT the British sportsman of humble means can possess a first-class fishery within the bosom of his family and ten miles of Charing Cross is a fact not generally known. That such nevertheless is the case we will proceed to demonstrate.

The fishery in question is situated at the house bearing the title "stone," which is the latter half of the name "Elphinstone" shared by two houses in Mount Sion Avenue, West Dulwich, the word being inscribed across the joint. The garden, which extends for a distance of forty-seven yards behind the house, contains the fishery referred to. This consists of a cemented basin four feet two inches in diameter and twenty-seven inches deep in the middle. The basin formerly had two cracks in it, A and B, which were stopped with red lead putty applied with the tin-opener. The pool is fed by a pipe the origin of whose supply is unknown, and in time of drought is replenished from the scullery tap by means of a rubber hose. This water has a bracing effect on the fishery and acts like a tonic.

In May of last year two trout (*Salmo ferox*), weighing respectively 1 lb. 2 ozs., and 10½ ozs., were purchased at a restaurant in Old Coventry Street. They were named Charles and Jane for convenience of reference and were conveyed to "Elphinstone" in a bait-can *per* electric tram. Both fish arrived faint, but appeared to revive when introduced to their new quarters. Next morning, however, the fish Jane was discovered to be in a defunct condition, and was accordingly buried with regret near the roots of an indiarubber plant which had been bedded out after wintering in a pot on the dining-room table. It may be observed however that fresh fish is not a form of nourishment readily assimilated by indiarubber plants that have passed their prime.

What follows is the Diary of the "Elphinstone" fishery, and though the season came to a premature conclusion it will be seen that excellent sport was enjoyed. It should be added that the natural food resources of the fishery were

supplemented by judicious allowances of Tidd's Fario Feed, a savoury compound, price £14 10s. 0d. a ton, very nutritious, and much relished by Charles.

DIARY.

June 3.—Began fishing at 3.15 with a 00 Sneek Limerick Hook dressed as a Greenwell's Glory. At the first cast Charles came brightly to the hook. He fought strongly, and it was nearly two minutes before the net could be got under him. During the following half-hour caught Charles five times, when the fish unaccountably went off feed. (Note.—This has proved to be a record bag for the fishery.)

June 5.—Got Charles twice before tea on a Greenwell's Glory. The water fishes excellently. (Note.—Greenwell's Glory is greatly under-rated, in fact, when tied with gold ribbing, it proved to be Charles's favourite fly.)

June 6.—Did not fish this day.

June 7.—The fish puzzles me. Began fishing at 3.40. Charles saw me, but after tea he was caught twice. The second time he made no fight, but came to the net like a log, and then suddenly turned and bit me savagely on the thumb. (Note.—Too much care cannot be exercised in handling large trout.)

June 8 and 9.—These days I did not fish.

June 10 and 11.—Caught Charles once on each of these days. He appears to be getting listless, but continues to fish fairly well.

June 12.—Charles saw me.

June 17.—Have fished carefully these last three days, but Charles will not rise. Cannot make out what is wrong. Have sent for patterns of patent Varox flies.

June 19.—A disappointing day. Fished with the patent flies; no result. Then changed my clothes, whereupon Charles rose at the Varox, but I missed him. He splashed about all over the pool like a mad thing. Cannot understand the fish. The Varox patent flies are beautifully tied and very expensive.

June 30.—Have been fishing every day, but had no rise; greatly perplexed.

July 2.—Have solved mystery. Charles feeds at night. Happened to go into garden after supper and found Charles rising. He saw me and stopped. Felt embarrassed. Will try to-morrow.

July 3.—A memorable night. Approached pool at 10.30 p.m. with White Moth fished dry. Got into Charles instantly, who made a great fight. Caught him twice again before leaving him at 3.15 a.m. It is certain that I have a magnificent bit of fishing all to myself. (Note.—The White Moth is a fly that is too infrequently used. There is no more deadly lure when fished dry after nightfall.)

July 4.—This day has been disastrous. Tried Charles again after supper. He rose cautiously to my sixth cast, and was hooked. He fought a little, and then let me reel him in; but just as I was stooping to put the net under him he made a rush and came right out of the water at me. I fell back, and in saving myself unfortunately broke my rod and the hook got embedded in the lobe of my left ear. Charles, after throwing about in a threatening manner, got back into the pool unassisted. (Note.—It is impossible to pull a fish-hook out of the lobe of the ear by force. It must be cut out, and even if the sufferer can refer to the files of *The Family Doctor*, the operation, when attempted within the home circle, is apt to lead to marital estrangement.)

July 18.—As I observed Charles to be feeding again, telephoned Pilquart of the Flyfishers' Club to come for an afternoon's sport to-morrow.

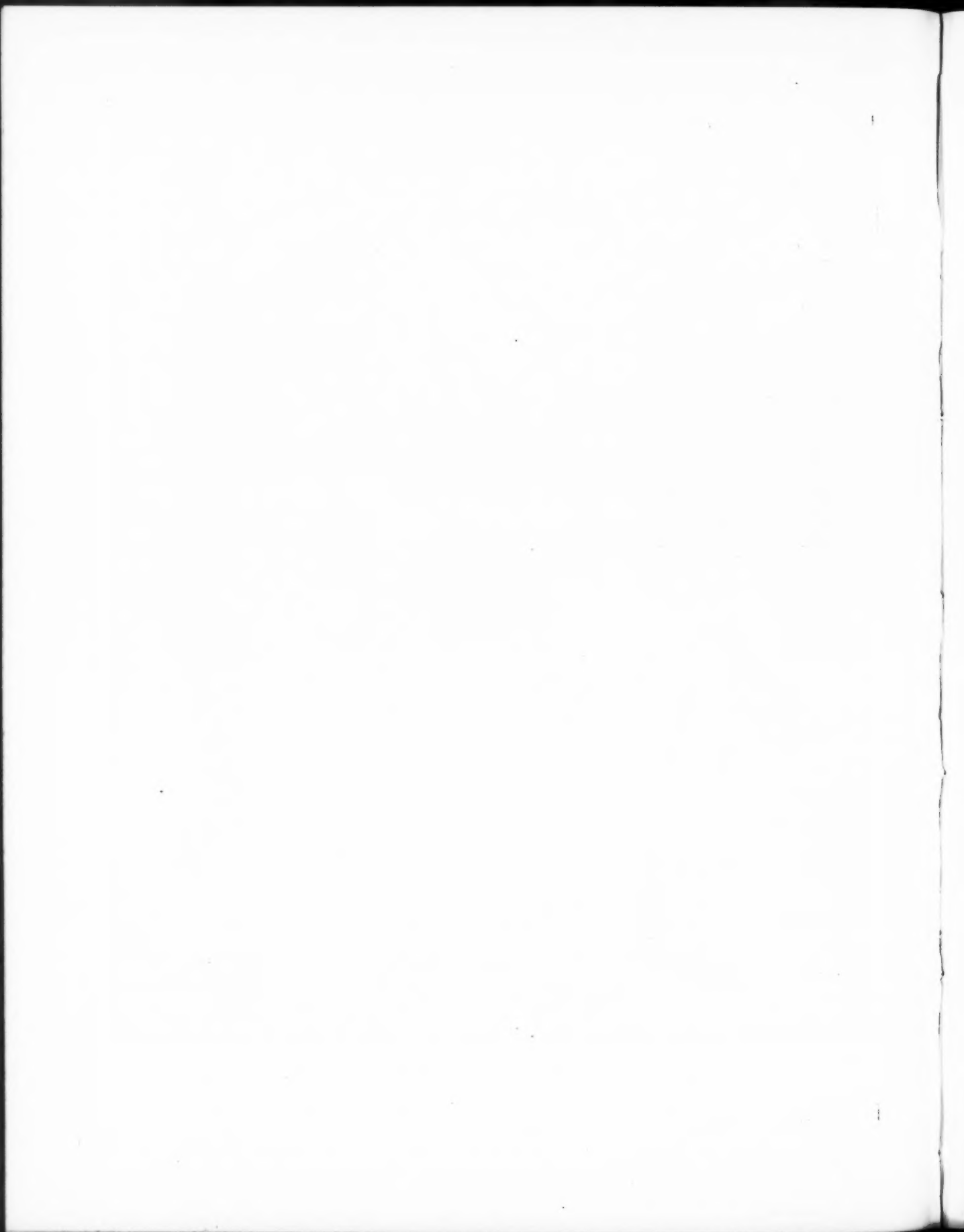
July 19.—Strange matters. Pilquart came and lunched. He likes my "Weedy Whiffs." As he had brought waders under a misapprehension and seemed a little depressed, I promised him a Weedy Whiff for every time he landed



A SELF-DENYING ORDINANCE.

MR. KEIR HARDIE DECLINES TO "DEPART FROM THE LINES OF SANITY AND FOLLOW SOME VAGUE CHIMÆRA CALLED SOCIALISM."

[In making the above remark before the Conference of the Independent Labour Party, it is possible that Mr. KEIR HARDIE did not perfectly visualize the Chimæra of classical legend.]





Mother. "WELL, BABY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"

Baby (with her ear to crack in floor above the dining-room). "DON'T KNOW, BUT NURSIE DOES IT."

Charles. I put him right and left him. When I returned an hour later I found him lying on the grass smoking. He astonished me by telling me that I owed him a shilling box of Weedy Whiffs, and invited me to try to win them back. I went on casting steadily until tea-time without getting a rise, although Pilquart encouraged me and gave me much advice. After tea Pilquart took his rod, but, to my astonishment, instead of fishing, began to put up his tackle and gave me to understand that he was going home to fish his bath, as he had reason to know he should find as good fish there as at the "Elphinstone fishery." It then transpired that Charles was gone and that Pilquart had discovered the fact early in the afternoon.

(Note.—In order to have uninterrupted enjoyment of a fishery it is advisable to fix barbed wire along the top of the fence when there is a boy living next-door.)

TO A CUCKOO, HEARD ON THE LINKS.

BOHEMIAN spirit! unencumbered by Penates,
And sole performer of the woodland band
Whose contributions I can recognise with great ease,
Let others count you shifting as the sand,
But surely underneath that bosom black-barred
There lurks a sentiment that I (the hack-bard)
Can fully comprehend. So, cuckoo, here's my hand.

Not for the sake of ease you flit about the copses
And bid your partner to an alien care

Entrust the incubation of her popsy-wopsies,
Planting the eggy mites at unaware;
But art, the voice of art, is ever calling.
How could CARUSO sing with infants squalling?
To fetter genius is to drive it to despair.

Should I not also turn my heartstrings to macadam?
I too deposit, whereso'er I could,
A host of unmelodious babies (if I had 'em)
Or in the kindly shelter of some wood
(With robins), or whatever *crèche* was going,
Soon as I felt the inspiration flowing,
The bubbling in my brain-pan? Yes, by Jove, I should.

'Tis therefore that I sometimes wonder when I hear you
Fulfil the valley with that vagrant noise,
Now by the holm-oak yonder, now beside this near yew
(Unhampered as you are by household plays),
Why you have never hit on something neater,
Some outburst less monotonous of metre,
Less easy to be aped by unregenerate boys.

Is it perhaps that, like that other star, the throistle,
Simply to prove your throat can stand the strain
You too keep on, the Spring's repetitive apostle,
Piping your pean till it haunts the brain?
I cannot say. But what I find so sad is
One never knows if you or if the caddies
Are making all that rumpus. There it goes again!

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

SOME SPRING SUBJECTS.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—Do you *puz*? If you don't, by all means keep on don'ting, for puzzles have a fatal fascination, and lots of people wish they'd never begun to love them. You've heard, of course, of the De Lacy-Vandeleur-wedding fiasco? Poor dear Veronica in her bridal gown, with her maids and her pages and her parents and her best enemies and everything that is hers, waiting at St. Agatha's for half-an-hour, and Piggy proving a non-starter! Some of the dailies have built up wonderful, fearful stories on it, but not one of them touches the spot. The true inwardness of the affair, my dear, is *puzzles*, no less! For a week Piggy had been putting together one of the big, diffy ones, and when the wedding morning came they couldn't get him away from it. His best man argued with him, and even tried force, but it was no good. "I won't be married," screamed Piggy, "till I've polished off this blank puzzle!"

And by the time he *has* polished off the blank puzzle, and comes out among his kind again, he'll find himself treated to the cut direct and the cut with circumstance wherever he goes, and perhaps thrashed by one of the Vandeleurs. Moral—Don't *puz*!

Josiah's back again from San Bangador safe and sound and horribly glad to be at home. He has an idea that he's very much altered by what he went through there; but it's only a pleasant delusion on his part. As a matter of fact, he's more like himself than ever! He has some fearful friends in tow that he knew out there—a planter-man and his wife; *simple* and *utterly* impossible people, my dear! The wife wears silk and satin frocks first thing in the morning, and chirps out, "Beg y' pardon?" whenever one speaks to her. The man does such weird things with his knife and fork at feeding time that Norty said to me one evening, "Is that your *own* idea, Blanche, to have a conjurer to amuse us at dinner?" Also, the wretch makes *puns*, if you please! When he let one off the other day and seemed to think I would laugh at it, I said, "Oh, that's a *pun*, is it? What deliciously moss-grown old things they are! The *chignons* and *long whiskers* of conversation, don't you think?" He hasn't made any since.

I've done my level to be civil to them, said how interesting it must be to be a planter, and watch the things growing and pick them when they're *done* enough, and what a wonderful arrangement it is of what-d'you-call-it that the leaves of the plant should make tea, and

the berries coffee, and another part sugar—and all that sort of thing, you know. And as if that weren't enough, I find Josiah expects me—*me*, you know—*myself*—your own Blanche, to take this tea-and-coffee woman about and show her London!! Meaning the Tower, the Monument, the British Museum, and all those other chambers of horrors! As if they had anything to do with London.

Oh, my dearest! such a funny little something happened just after Josiah's return. I'd got a bit careless, I suppose, in leaving things about while I was on my own, and one day I found him looking at a certain little miniature of an eye that someone gave me as an Easter offering—a dark eye, never mind *whose*, with a look of mischief in it and a setting of brilliants. "Whatever's this?" said the Head of the Firm in a queer voice. I felt it was a case for "*de l'audace, de l'audace, et encore de l'audace*." "Why, you silly man," I said, "don't you know your own eye when you see it?" "*Mine!*" he said. "*My eyes are light*." "That's all you know! When you're animated and excited your eyes *look quite dark*. I snap-shotted you once when they looked dark, and this was done from it."

And (oh, *ces hommes! ces hommes!*) he actually took it all in, and was quite flattered, and has given me a new long chain of brilliants to hang the miniature on! There are *some* people, you see, who in an emergency can not only take the bull by the horns, but ride off in triumph on the animal's back.

Did I tell you of Norty's new departure?—"Straight Talks on the Enormities of Society—By one who knows it from the Inside." He says there's money in scolding us and abusing us, and why shouldn't we make it ourselves?—especially as we know the most about ourselves and therefore are best able to do the scolding. He gives his Talks every Wednesday afternoon at the Fitz, tickets a guinea each, and the room is always *packed*. He gives it us right and left, and we enjoy it *immensely*. The last "Straight Talk" was about our custom of organising *dances* in aid of charities. Oh, he was down on us, and we *did* laugh! He said, among other things, that getting up dances for charity was not only letting your left hand know what your right hand does, but letting *both* your feet know as well! He was very hard on us women another time about our way of criticising each other and suspecting the genuineness of each other's complexions and hair, and he said we ought not only to live and let live, but *dye* and let *dye*.

The next "Straight Talk" is to be on "Money Marriages." He's not a bit afraid of people saying, "You're

another!" He says those who've *made* them are most qualified to speak about them. The *coolness* of the boy, you know!

Everyone who's been round the studios is raving about Major's portrait of Sibyl St. James. Profile, of course. Bosh says she's "profile et pretty well nihil," meaning, you know, that she's *only* a profile. And certainly she's sacrificed everything to that profile of hers. She doesn't give dinners or suppers or go to them. *Et pourquoi?* Because the profile mustn't be seen eating! She hasn't any friends. It isn't that people *won't* know her; they *can't*. How can one be pally with a *profile*, or make a confidant of it, or talk scandal with it, or do *anything* but just look at it? We were talking about Sibyl at Wee-Wee's the other night, and Bosh said people told a story of her husband meeting her suddenly round a corner one day and not recognising her, because he'd never seen her front face before. Ever thine, BLANCHE.

THE PORTERESQUE.

[During the hearing of a motor-car case at Bournemouth a witness, described as a porter, said: 'I saw a motor-car coming towards me with marvellous rapidity, and if I had not possessed great agility and youthfulness I should have been killed. I afterwards looked round at the driver's face, which was scintillating with vicious grins. The driver also made some insipid remarks, and the car was travelling with the silence and swiftness of a shrapnel shell.'—Morning Leader.]

In the interests of the colour of life it is to be hoped that the Bournemouth porter will set a fashion—more than that, inaugurate a tradition. How much more entertaining would the daily routine become if all public servants talked like this! Not only porters, but commissionaires and boy-messengers, and policemen and postmen too. Perhaps Mr. RUNCIMAN will smile upon the scheme and arrange for lecturers in the Porter-*esque* to visit the school's. Then some such results as these might follow:—

In directing an old lady from the country who had asked the way to the Bank, a constable stationed yesterday at Trafalgar Square replied thus: "Dear Madam, the journey is not only simple but of engrossing interest. The first step is to leave the august spot on which we now stand, overshadowed as it is by the lithic semblance, poised 'twixt heaven and earth (like MAHOMET'S coffin), of LORD NELSON AND BRONTË, the hero of a hundred fights and the terror of the sea, and mount one of those *Mauretanas* of the London streets known as a motor-bus bound in an easterly direction. Passing through the crowded and animated Strand, you will enter the City

at the Temple, the abode of Law, and then traversing Fleet Street and climbing the Hill of Ludgate, be under the façade of Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN'S mighty fane, now the lunching resort of the wholesale drapery trade . . ."

Or again, at Charing Cross Station, a porter wheeling a truck may thus chatter: "Your consideration I crave to allow this not inconsiderable vehicle to pass. This way, lady, for the train which in course of time will take its departure from this platform on its perilous and protracted journey with the nominal intent of reaching the ancient seaport of Dover (one of the Cinque Ports) at 5.3. At what hour, however, its happy arrival will actually occur one hesitates to hazard. Conjecture's fires pale before such a problem. This way, lady, this way."

A hotel porter, having been inadvertently mistaken for the boots by a short-sighted guest, would reply to a request about calling him in the morning in the following terms: "Incurious stranger, why this sad confusion of functions? Dost thou truly believe this uniform to be attuned to the ignoble duty of foot-wear-cleaning? Or is thy mistake due to myopia, astigmatism, or incipient cataract? Discuss, infatuated stranger, for, as thou art aware, the ball of repartee cannot be kept up without constant repercussion."

Once more, if the Porteresque diction becomes general, we can easily imagine a caddie, on being asked by a beginner what is the best club to use for a long approach shot, lapsing into poetry as follows:—

"Fair Sir, although the lie be grassy
I cannot recommend the brassy.
Again, undoubted risks environ
Your handling of the cleek or iron,
For on each side, I grieve to state,
Pot-bunkers simply pullulate.
To use a baffy or a spoon
Were unpropitious and jejune.
In fine, my deft elimination
Has clarified the situation;
And, to conclude this talky-talky,
Just take your mashie and play pawky."

A Marathon Record in Church Services.

"After a service of about five years the Rev. Thos. Egerton Wilton Rudd has intimated his intention to resign the curacy of Northenden Parish Church."—*Manchester Evening News*.

"The Vacancy at Stratford-on-Avon."

As this headline has given rise to a good deal of misapprehension and not a few false hopes, it is as well to state that the most illustrious living resident has no intention of removing elsewhere.



Dentist. "Now, what can I do for you?"

Patient (*whose heart has failed her at the last moment*). "Oh! ER—MY TEETH ARE PERFECTLY ALL RIGHT, THANKS. ER—WHAT I REALLY CAME FOR WAS TO ASK IF YOU WOULD—ER—CARE TO PLAY GOLF WITH ME—ER—SOME TIME THIS SUMMER."

"Tell me not in mournful numbers."

A correspondent writes:—"The daily papers in their obituary notices of the famous actress, Madame MODJESKA, state that on one occasion in London she recited the multiplication table in Polish, her native tongue, with such harrowing effect as to reduce her audience to tears. I see nothing remarkable in this. My own little girl, aged five and a half, to whom I teach mathematics, daily causes me to weep copiously in geometrical progression with some such effort as the following:—'Twice one is three, twice two is seven, twice three is fourteen'; and so on."

His Second Time on Earth.

By-Elector (*pointing out to his daughter the chief figures in the fight*). And look, there's Hunnable.

High School Daughter. Oh, yes; the man who tried to cross the Alps some years ago.

"The summons had been issued to the wrong man. . . . There had evidently been a mix-up of names, the driver and the owner of the engine being nephews and bearing the same name."—*The Irvine Herald*.

We have always noticed that confusion is apt to be caused by a man's being his own great-uncle.

SOME NEW HEAD-LINES.

[With acknowledgments to all rival Arbiters of Fashion.]

So Spring, the sweet Spring, is here, and most of us are naturally giving anxious thought to the subject of our "top-dressing"—as a witty young Marquis of agricultural tastes once called his hat in my presence. Having just returned from naughty, enticing, delightful Paris, where I made my annual tour of the *magasins des modes*, I am now in a position to indicate precisely what surprises Dame Fashion has in store for you. The "cartwheel" has gone—trundled into the limbo of forgotten things; the busby we can suitably relinquish to those dear Territorials, now that they are preparing in grim earnest to frighten the wicked invader from our poor, peaceful shores; and the beehive, symbol of industry and perseverance, is, appropriately enough, to be the wear *par excellence* of those who are making another attempt this year to take advantage of the season's influence upon "a young man's fancy." *Entre nous*, a balmy smile goes best with this really "dossy" *chapeau*, and the coiffure, being completely hidden, may be worn *négligée*, or be left at home altogether.

But a greater surprise awaits you in the "barn thatch." This sensational design is in the form of any other thatched covering of an empty top-loft, and can be worn "fore-and-aft," as our gallant tars phrase it, when beating up against those boisterous winds that come "before the swallows dare;" or "broadside on" in the wet, when the eaves carry the rain clear of the shoulders. The yokel laugh, which is something between a Swiss yodel and a contralto chuckle, can be practised for use with this.

And now, looking ahead into those days "with roses red incarnadine," when the daily papers tell us that "yesterday was the hottest 10th of June for ninety-one years," what do you say, my lady fair, to the "water-butt" hat? Isn't the idea arresting? But, to let you into a secret, this is an adaptation of the "wine-cask" straw with which the hatters made an abortive attempt last season to oust the "boater" for men—a hat, by the way, which has nothing but cheapness and comfort to recommend it. So great, however, is the obstinate prejudice of the "lords of creation" against anything really striking and conspicuous that not even in Paris, that city of *flâneurs*, would any male creature muster up sufficient courage to don it.

A propos, I must tell you a story, which goes to show that some of these strange creatures positively admire dowdiness in us. I was at a smart afternoon reception the other day, in a Faubourg not a

thousand miles from the Pont Neuf, when an English "mees" came in with her papa, a brown-faced Colonel from India's coral strand. Pretty she was, undeniably, but, if you believe me, she was wearing one of those hats we all thought so becoming in the spring of 1907!!! You never saw anything more countrified or ridiculous, more—in a word—hopelessly middle-class.

Two nice-looking, well-groomed English boys were standing near me. "Huilloa!" said one, "what a pretty girl!" "Awfully fetching hat—what?" growled the other. And one gaby went off, no doubt to manoeuvre for an introduction, while the other sighed a big sigh. And I daresay I did too, to think that these great, irrational creatures have votes, while we pioneers of taste and fashion, who put our heads fearlessly into beehives at the word given, have none.

But *revenons à nos moutons*, as a humorous Frenchman said to me once when the telephone bell had called him momentarily from the dinner-table. The "water-butt" should be built of chip, in one of the latest art-shades—a "garden-seat" green or "boiled gooseberry" grey. Trimmed with duck-weed or water-cress, and conveying a pleasantly cooling suggestion of water on the brain, nothing certainly could look better in the languid heat of the dog days.

KILTS.

"SPEAKING of clothes," began Dibchick, "I remember, years and years ago, when I was an undergraduate at Oxford—"

"It's no good your attempting the patriarchal with us," interrupted Patty, "because you can't be so very old, now. What do you think, Bob?"

"I don't think," said Bob calmly, "I know."

Dibchick regarded him with an air of approval. "You will end as a legislator, Bob."

"Rot," said Bob; "I know you're thirty-five. It isn't a thing that wants thinking about."

"There you are wrong. Of all the seventy ages of man, thirty-five is the one that affords food for the most serious reflection. At thirty-five a man has lost the first blush of youth, while—"

Patty turned again to Bob. "Do you believe he has ever blushed?"

"No," said Bob. "If he had, he wouldn't mention it."

"To return to our original topic," said Dibchick. "Speaking of clothes, I remember, when I was at the Varsity, a friend of mine introduced me, as a great favour, to his tailor, a very pleasant fellow. Not that there is anything

remarkable in that, because, of course, tailors are, as a general rule, a particularly ingratiating body of men. Well, all I wanted at the time was a tweed suit. Six months afterwards we found that I owed him seventy-eight pounds. He was quite as much surprised about it as I was."

"You must have been a juggins," said Bob.

"No, I think not. You see, when he had once got my measurements, he contracted a habit of sending things round on trial, as it were; and of course, when a man has actually gone to the trouble of making a thing for you, it seems rather—er—rather a reflection on him to send it back again. I've got lots of his garments by me still. I remember his speciality was overcoats and kilts."

"Have you lived much in Scotland?" asked Patty.

"No, that's just the point. I explained to him that I didn't really need kilts, because the only place I went to in the vacation was the Channel Islands. But he said you never knew when they might come in useful. When I took my degree, I gave them to my scout. He was a man with several small daughters, who had once played inside right for Oxford City. So naturally he was very glad of them."

"Did all his daughters play inside right together?" asked Bob.

"No, he was alone there. They never joined him. I should have made that clearer. It was before he had acquired any daughters to speak of."

"Were they all daughters?" inquired Patty.

"I believe there was a boy here and there; but it was the girls he was really wrapt up in."

"I thought it was the kilts," said Bob.

Dibchick leant back in his chair and blew rings of cigarette smoke. Patty watched him respectfully.

"You're rather good at those things," she said.

"Oh, I don't know," he answered modestly; "the plain, straightforward article is easy enough, but I seem to have lost the knack of breaking them from leg."

Bob got up. "I vote we leave him, Patty. Let's go and play croquet."

"But I should like to have understood about the kilts," said Patty. "Why should his scout have been so glad of them?"

"To tell the truth," said Dibchick, "he wasn't—at first; at least, not so much. His original idea—a poor one—was that his wife might work them into a tea-cosy or a bed-quilt or something of that kind. But being a woman of social ambitions, she thought it would



Maid. "PLEASE, MISS JESSIE, WHAT AM I TO DO? THERE'S NOTHING FOR BREAKFAST, AND THE MISSIS IS SO VERY PARTICULAR."

be *chic* if he wore them on Saturday afternoons, when he played golf. As it turned out, she was quite right; they gave the family quite a social lift, besides enabling him to develop a much freer swing."

"Come along, Patty," said Bob scornfully. "If you listen much longer he'll give you a sunstroke."

"I certainly have rather a giddy sensation," she said.

Solitude by the Sea.

"12,000 PEOPLE GO TO BLACKPOOL ALONE."
Headline from "Sunday Chronicle."

The Friend, a Bloemfontein paper not given to frivolity, has found a new name for the Member for King's Lynn. It is Mr. Helloc Bellairs. It might have been worse. They might have called him Mr. Hellairs Belloc.

From the "Corrispondenze" column (agony) in *La Tribuna*:—

"WEDNESDAY. Received yesterday evening. What a night! How I wept! What words you writed me! If you saw me, how you should have taked pity upon me! . . . Be quiet, my love. I write. Be quiet."

"PREPARE TO SHED THEM NOW."

THE saddest thing I ever saw? he said. Well, I don't know that I can remember quite the saddest, at this moment, but one of the saddest was a row of railway trucks on the line somewhere near Redruth, on the way to Penzance. We had left London full of anticipation of our holiday—in thorough holiday mood—the sky seemed for the moment to have no clouds in it—and then suddenly we came upon this pathetic sight, a row of dispirited trucks in a siding, on each of which was painted the bitter words: "This truck not to go east of Truro." Now think of that! Think of what it must mean to an adventurous ambitious truck to have its wings thus clipped by some unimaginative jackanapes of a traffic superintendant! Our hearts bled for them. I am fairly phlegmatic myself, but I could not bear to look at them; and when my wife saw how small they were, she completely broke down. You know women, sir, you know their tender ways.

The fact that the trucks were so small certainly made it worse. One pictured

the new ones full of freshness, unaware of the cruel legend on their sides, running up to Truro so gaily and confidently, all expectant of their long and delightful journey to the east, and then being pulled up sharp and sent back again without a word of explanation. No east of Truro for them! For them the dull west. Dull indeed. For what has life to offer west of Truro when you may not go east?

One thought of the young ones forced to listen to the talk of large trucks who had been to Plymouth and Exeter and London even. Could there be a harder fate than that—to have to hear of the promised land knowing you may never enter it? We wondered if one of them had ever managed to break away and run the blockade of Truro station. But I fear not; man, and especially official man, is too sharp, too tyrannical.

The incident entirely spoiled our holiday. My wife moped all the time, and though she was as brave as she could be she did not deceive me—I knew where her thoughts were. How could I fail to, when mine were there too?

Poor little trucks.



THE ROBINSONS' EASTER TRIP TO PARIS.

"HOLD ON, M'RIA! BEFORE YOU GO RIGHT OFF, TELL ME THE FRENCH FOR SAL VOLATILE."

TO SPRING.

[The weather in Los Angeles, where these lines come from, seems to have caused dissatisfaction.]

BELAUDÉD month, whose advent is connected
With poets, onions, eggs, and early peas,
With fragile blossoms blooming undetected,
And fleecy lambs a-scamper on the leas;
When April smiles, and all the world seems young,
And girls are ironing their linen bonnets,
And Smith, my neighbour, who composes sonnets,
Caulks his dismantled lung,
And plays the living deuce with SHAKESPEARE'S native tongue,

I too rejoice, although belated blizzards
Retard the genial glow of actual Spring;
Although the feathered choirs, with *frappés* gizzards
Still feel an inability to sing.
For either deep inside or down below
In leaf and blade the vital sap is humming,
And blustering Boreas bellows: "Spring is coming!"
Although it doesn't show,
And should have properly occurred a month ago.

O blessed Spring! whose penetrating breezes,
From amorous Arctic regions lightly rolled,
Inspire the shy and shivering swain to wheeze his
Absurd request that Chloe won't be cold;

I too upon the bosom of some fair
Would lay the tribute of a brief devotion,
If I could find some satisfactory lotion
For carpeting the bare
Spots on a toil-worn crust with ornamental hair.

Well, thou hast other and less meretricious
Pleasures, O Spring, that Time has not effaced;
Those lambkins I referred to—how delicious
Mint sauce and young green peas will make them
taste!
The vernal wind that sweeps my very soul
Hints at the salmon-steak, the shy *champignon*;
And think of those fat squabs that gurgle in yon
Dovecote—*en casserole*!
Or served as pigeon pie, or simply roasted whole!

Then welcome, primrose-girdled Primavera,
Goddess (atchoo!) of sunshine and desire;
I know thou 'rt come, although I have to wear a
Thick waistcoat still, and sit beside the fire;
For I beheld upon to-day's menu
"Spring chicken," "Brussels sprouts" and "new
potatoes";
And "Ah!" I cried, "a man who loves his plate owes
A deal, O Spring, to you,
Whether it's nice and fine, or sleet obscures the view!"
ALGOL.



BACK TO THE LAND.

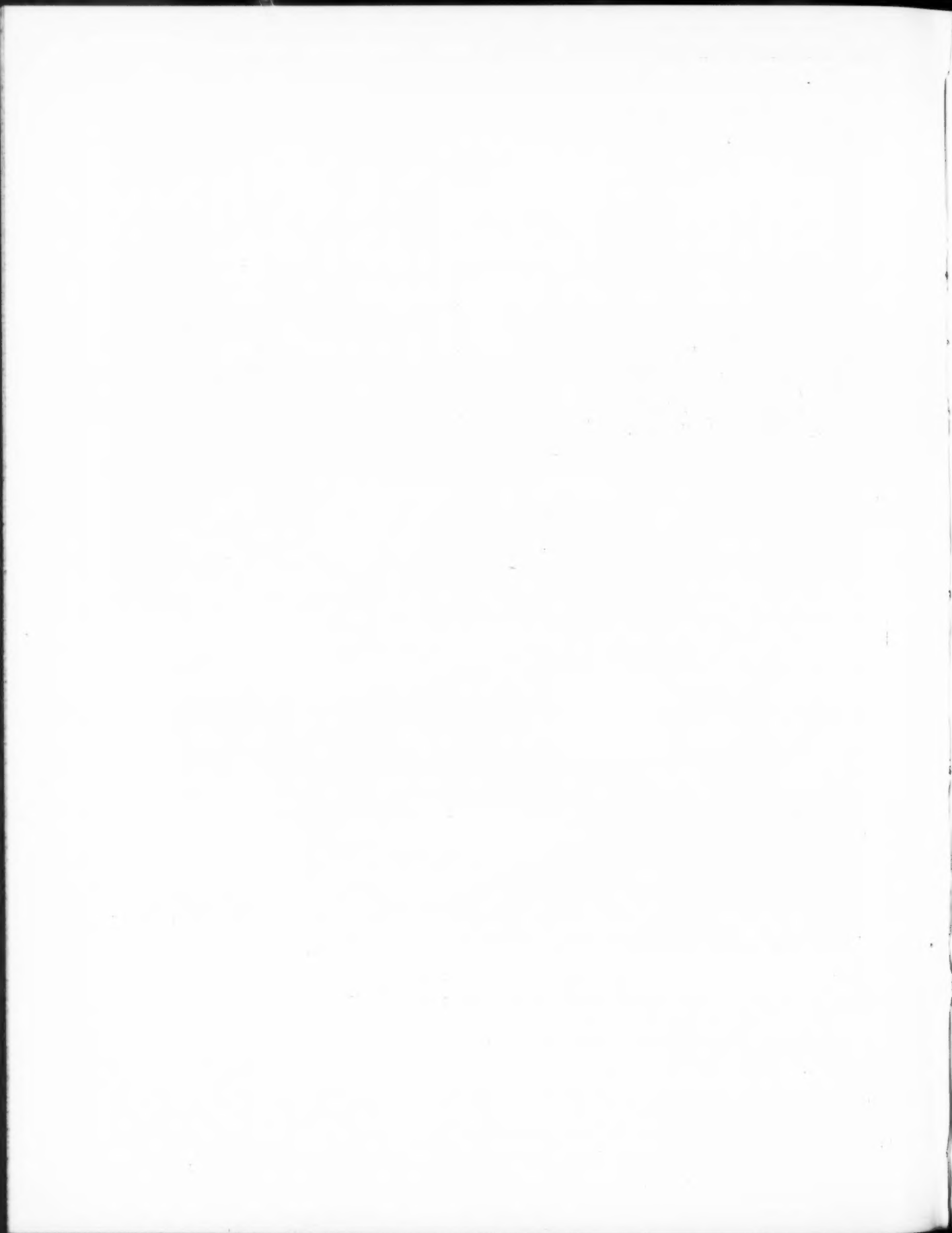
BOY. "PLEASE, SIR, MAY I BE TRAINED FOR THE MERCHANT SERVICE?"

PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE. "PARENTS IN THE WORKHOUSE?"

BOY (*cheerfully*). "NO, SIR."

P. B. T. "WELL, RUN ALONG AND COMMIT A CRIME, OR ELSE WE CAN'T DO ANYTHING FOR YOU."

[Apart from those training-ships which are either industrial or reformatory schools and a single ship for workhouse boys the Government does nothing by way of education for our Merchant Service. All other training ships, such as the *Mercury*, of which Mr. C. B. Fry has recently taken over the control, are dependent for support on voluntary contributions. Yet more than half a century has passed since a Royal Commission recommended the encouragement of training-ships, and more than a year since a Committee appointed by the Board of Trade suggested capitation grants by the State for the instruction of boys wishing to join the Merchant Navy; but nothing seems to have been done. Meanwhile this Service, from which we are supposed to draw our Naval Reserve, is largely manned by aliens.]





"JUDGING CHARACTER BY CORRESPONDENCE": OR, THE WINSTON TOUCH.

OUR ARTIST HAS CURIOUSLY FEW OPPORTUNITIES OF ATTENDING CABINET COUNCILS, BUT, AFTER A CAREFUL STUDY OF MR WINSTON CHURCHILL'S LETTER TO HIS CONSTITUENTS ABOUT THE "S" (DREADNOUGHTS) QUESTION, IN WHICH HE LIGHT-HEARTEDLY CASTIGATES EVERY AXIOM AND ARGUMENT OF HIS DEAR COLLEAGUES, HE FEELS SURE THAT THE ABOVE CAN BE NO INACCURATE REPRESENTATION OF WHAT USUALLY OCCURS WHEN THE CABINET MEETS IN COUNCIL.

THE POETRY OF "BRADSHAW" ANNOTATED.

[In the manner of the Higher Criticism of Poetry.]

"PASSENGERS commencing a long distance journey on a Saturday or Sunday, when the destination will not be reached till the following day, are recommended to consult the detailed tables covering the whole of the Route, as the Train service on Sundays often differs from that on Week Days."

The above selection opens with a most complex mixture of metres and with a very large proportion of unaccented syllables. These devices are employed to give a vivid impression of the speed and confusion incidental to the beginning of a long railway journey.

The paragraph starts with a dactyl; this is followed by an amphibrach, and this by an iambus; three trochees are next used, and then another dactyl. On a cursory reading these opening phrases might be considered a mere jumble; but what to the uninitiated seems to be a jumble is to the truly poetic mind a fine example of forceful heterogeneity

of rhythm. Contrast, for example, the quick movement expressed in the word *Saturday* (the busy day) with the slower movement denoted by the word *Sunday* (the day of quiet). But even *Sunday* does not suggest such peacefulness as *Sabbath* would have done. The secular word *Sunday* is very appropriately used here as the employment of labour is entailed.

In the phrase *long distance journey* we have an excellent example of the wonderful effect of onomatopœia. The idea of a *long distance journey* is indicated very forcibly by the sound, for "the words move slow" on account of the accumulation of consonants—eleven consonants to eight vowels. Note also the careful choice of the long word *destination* used in connection with a long distance journey, and, in contrast with this, note the sharp sound in *reached* and the shortness of the word, suggesting the sudden stopping of the train.

Throughout the paragraph one cannot fail to hear the short sharp sounds of the engine expressed by the sounds *ch* and *j* (*reached*, *journey*), as well as the large number of sibilants, as in *passen-*

gers, *commencing*, *distance*, *Saturday*, *Sunday*, *destination*, etc., etc.

Following day. By the second day the rhythmical motion has produced a somnolent effect; this is finely expressed by the use of the liquid *l* and the lullaby sound of the word *day*.

Recommended to consult. The time now quickens at the hopeful outlook expressed in this phrase; but when one comes to "the detailed tables" one is compelled by the accumulation of similar consonants (two *d*'s, two *t*'s, and two *l*'s) to read the words slowly and so feel the labour of consulting time-tables in detail.

To prevent monotony the rhythm has been varied; but now the poet returns exactly to the metre used in the opening sentence. This is very skilfully worked in, and without careful perusal one would be at a loss to understand why the words *covering the whole of the route* produce upon the reader such a remarkable effect. The repetition is of the very essence of the poetry of motion. Employing the usual *dum* and *di* to express a long and a short syllable respectively, we find that *covering the whole of the route* and *Passengers commencing a long*

... are both of the form *dum di di di dum di di dum*.

It is quite impossible to point out all the beauties of this exquisite poem, but we cannot leave the subject without a reference to two or three other points of interest.

It will be noticed that rhyme, the most humble of the expedients employed for the creation of musical beauty, is almost discarded by the author, as it is by many other great poets, but that of the more refined and subtle aid of assonance he gives us a fine example in the words *journey and service*, and of alliteration in the words *detailed, tables, train, days*, etc. And what glorious music in the succession of *a's* in these same four words!

In some portions of this selection the author must certainly rank with the greatest masters of our noble language. Compare, for example, the phrase, "To be reached till the following day," with TENNYSON'S "That he shouts with his sister at play."

And, again, compare "Often differs from that on week days" with the line of SHAKESPEARE, "Gaoler, look to him—tell not me of (mercy)," or the late Laureate's "Guinevere and in her his one de(light)."

A Delicate Way of Putting It.

For general fatuousness—the holiday panegyrist is hard to beat, especially when he breaks loose—often, too, in verse—in the albums where the proprietors of provincial hostleries and lodging-houses are wont to fish for the eulogies of their guests. We would forbear to indicate exactly where in the West Country a particular Golden Treasury of Cockney wit and sentiment was to be found this Eastertide, for fear of giving a bad advertisement to a not very high-class *cuisine* and somewhat indifferent sleeping accommodation; but after wading through pages in which the virtues of "mine hostess" were painted *couleur de rose* it was not a little refreshing to come across the following terse comment, which we think deserves a wider publicity:—

"Quoth the Raven—"

And the landlady, who apparently is not very well versed in American literature, is still in the dark as to its meaning and application.

From answers to a Literature paper:—

"Congreve, of the school of immoral drama, so won the respect of Dante that the latter came across to England to visit him."

AT THE PLAY.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

THE public is greatly indebted to Mr. TREE, and he, in turn, to Mr. PERCY MACQUOID, for a revival most exquisite in every detail of scenery and costume. The company, too, was a veritable galaxy of stars, though the magnitude of some of them seemed to be unfavourably affected by an atmosphere to which they could not perfectly accommodate themselves. Mr. LORAINÉ, in particular, while he did sufficient justice to the breeziness and generous *bonhomie* of Charles Surface, had really stepped into the picture

in the manners of the time; but Miss SUZANNE SHELDON'S Mrs. Candour was a delightfully robust performance, and her own spontaneous humour was a very attractive enlargement upon SHERIDAN'S wit.

Mr. TREE as *Sir Peter* was admirable, more especially in his confidential soliloquies; and Mr. BASIL GILL, if he bore no facial resemblance to the ideal *Joseph*, acted with greater subtlety than one might have expected. Mr. LIONEL BROUGH was a masterly *Moses*, and Mr. HENRY NEVILLE gave the right measure of rotundity to his interpretation of *Sir Oliver*. Mr. EDWARD TERRY, as *Crabtree*,

provided what I suppose was a proper relief to the general atmosphere of refined artificiality; and Mr. HENRY ESMOND, who made an amusing dandy, was, I am glad to say, less restive than usual. Finally, Miss DAGMAR WIEHE looked extremely pretty in the rather thankless part of *Maria*.

Never was a more charming picture than the minuet in the First Act, and, indeed, the whole performance was delightful. Possibly the stickler for pure comedy might cavil just a little at the way in which the Screen Scene was allowed to drift perilously near to farce.

I half hope that this revival will do something to restore the vogue of soliloquy; not, of course, of the kind employed for the chronicling of facts or as a device for the evasion of other and superable difficulties, but the permissible sort, in which the actors take the audience into their confidence. I like to think that they recognise that I am there and worth talking to.

O. S.

A New Record.

[No more costly arrayed bride has ever entered the church (St. Paul's, Knights-bridge).]—*Daily Chronicle*.]

How curiously impatient of delays
Are our young couples in these hustling days!

At least, to judge from journalistic headings,

They start their married life with
"diamond" weddings.

"There will be no Shakespeare festival at His Majesty's Theatre owing to the marked success of his revival of 'The School for Scandal,' the run of which he does not care to temporarily break."

This paragraph appears all by itself in *The Standard*, and leaves us uncertain whether "he" refers to SHAKESPEARE or HIS MAJESTY.

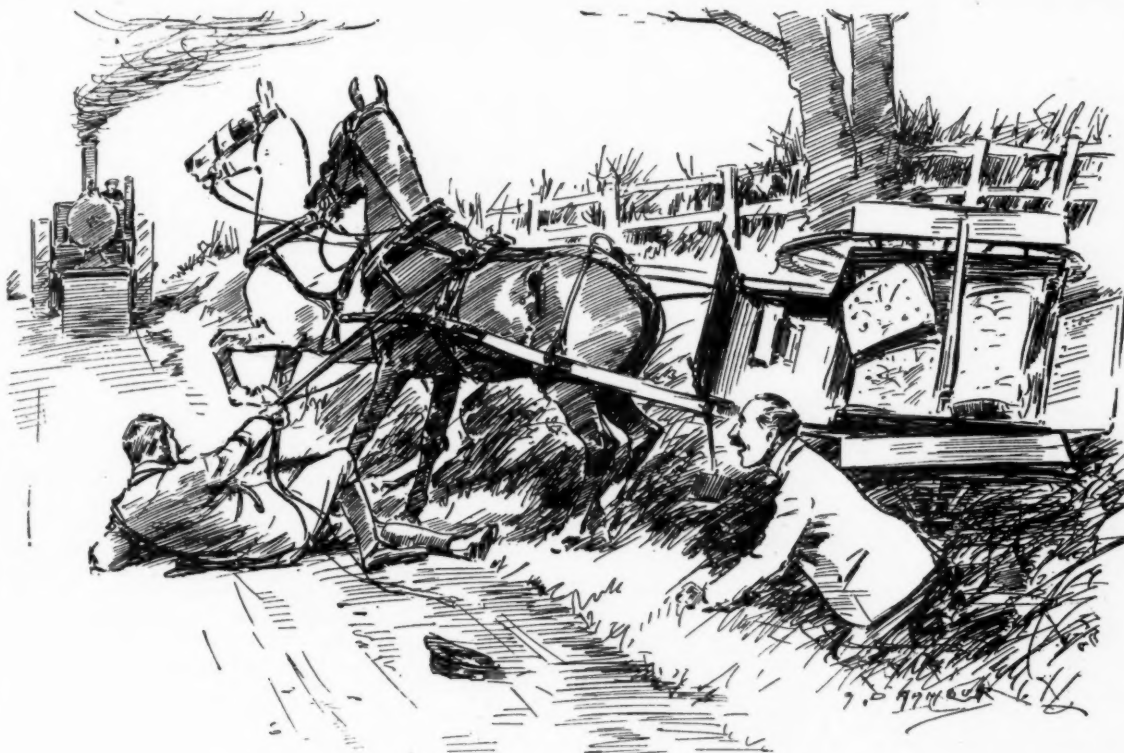


CONCERNING "THE LITTLE FRENCH MILLINER."

Sir Peter Teazle . . . Mr. TREE.
Charles Surface . . . Mr. LORAINÉ.

straight out of the twentieth century, and might have been mistaken for Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS *au naturel*, with a touch of Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM thrown in. Miss MARIE LÖHR, again, whose fresh young beauty does not in the least lend itself to the paint and powder and patches of the period, was never quite at her charming best, even in *Lady Teazle's* earlier and more playful scenes, and for the Third Act she wanted experience. I venture to plead with those who have the care of Miss LÖHR'S career that they will not try to force her flower-like gifts, and put burdens upon her which her youth, with all its cleverness and adaptability, is unable to bear.

Of the women, Miss ELLIS JEFFREYS, as *Lady Sneerwell*, was far the best equipped



Guest. "I SAY, OLD CHAP, DO YOU THINK IT'S THE PACE OF THE THING THAT WORRIES 'EM?"

TO A BISON.

[After reading a recent article in "The Times" on his preservation.]

CREATURE, regards! What though river and prairie
Know not to-day the stampede of your horde,
See not the maelstrom of heads huge and hairy,
Hear not the thunder of hoof upon sward?
What though the plough breaks the trails where your
following

Millions once surged like the flow of the tide,
And o'er your picturesque places of wallowing
Golden as sunrise the wheat stretches wide?

For there's romance in your veriest mention;
Camp-fires at nightfall and mountings at morn,
Wigwam and war-path again claim attention,
Hair-breadth escapes from your perilous horn!
Yes, when we read of you, boyhood comes back again,
(Shade of MAYNE REID and of BALLANTYNE too!)
And we're repelling a Red-skin attack again,
Strewing the lawn with belligerent Sioux!

Or, on our mustangs (the fire-breathing devils)
Madly we gallop with never a pull,
Close with your mob on the alkali levels
(Sometimes the garden), and drop the big bull!
Back to the waggons (the tool-shed or rockery),
Loose in the saddle to breakfast we ride,
Naught of contemptible cruet and crockery
Needs the proved plainsman when pemmican's fried!

Will you once more in Saskatchewan's regions
Thrive, as we hope, just as hardy and tough

As when the red man of old saw your legions
Blacken the plains from some prominent bluff?
Will the bronzed cow-puncher hear, when the twittering
Quail greet the morning, your truculent moo
Boom down the cañon where snow-peaks are glittering,
Soaring aloft to the fathomless blue?

Only your Totem can tell; so at present
Just let us wish you the peace of the hills,
Salt-lick and wallow, and pasturage pleasant,
Safe from the bullets of "Buffalo Bills";
Few, half domestic—the blood's not degenerate—
Long may you rule your park-ranges at ease,
And here's regards to you, creature, at any rate,
Since your mere mention brings dreams such as these!

From the Supplement to *The Schoolmistress* we extract the following questions set by the Board of Education in an English Language Paper in the Preliminary Examination for the certificate:

"A traveller in Africa saw two animals which he took to be young lions running towards him. His negro servants ran away in fright, while he shot both the animals—a feat with which he was pleased. Immediately afterwards, however, a white man came out of the neighbouring wood and remonstrated with him, explaining that the animals were not lions but dogs brought at great expense from England. The traveller was much abashed and apologised for his mistake.

Tell the above story again in your own words so as to make it as vivid and interesting as you can. Make the two men talk to each other."

We sincerely trust that no young girl among the candidates was capable of so much as imagining the probable language of the owner of the dogs.

THE STANDING GRIEVANCE.

I HAVE heard the question discussed from every side—including the inside and outside. Perhaps this is why I have never been able to make up my mind. My wife is a Suffragette. My wife's mother is a Suffragist. My mother is an Anti-Suffragette. My sister—who considers that the proper moment has not yet arrived—might best be described as an Anti-Suffrage-As-Yet. The views of my daughter are totally incapable of description, though she is perhaps the most earnest of them all.

"Why don't you consider women as they are, and not as you think they might be if they became different to what they are," said my wife.

"Because," I replied, "you want to become different to what you are, and if you did become different it would be foolish to consider you as you were before you did."

"What I mean," she said, "is this. Take the general conduct of women through any series of every-day events, and, if that conduct is satisfactory, apply it to events on a larger scale in the government of nations."

This struck me as being reasonable, and I ruled two columns in my notebook and headed them "Pros" and "Cons." respectively. As I raced down the hill to catch my "Circle" train to the City it struck me that I would put the idea into practice on my journey.

I reached the booking-office in a dancing hurry. There were exactly twenty seconds before my train was due in. The lady *in situ* waited till she had received her ticket, and then commenced the necessary sequence of events that leads to the production of a purse.

A statesman should always be prepared—even for an emergency. The expected appearance of a railway-ticket on the slab could not truthfully be called an emergency, so I entered a mark in the "Cons." column.

My heart smote me as I watched her take her purse out of her reticule and open the inmost compartment. She was really rather pretty. I entered a mark on the "Pro" side, because carefulness about money is an excellent quality in people who prepare the Budget.

Having looked inside the purse she inquired the price of the ticket. The answer to this question necessitated the return of the purse to the reticule and a search for a pocket in an underskirt. After a short but determined struggle she produced a second purse, which proved equal to the financial strain. While the clerk was counting out her change I entered a second mark in the "Cons." column. I don't know in what category this mark should be placed, but I heard my train in the

distance and moistened the tip of my pencil before I wrote with it.

Having obtained my ticket I made a dash for the barrier, and was again held up while she made careful inquiries as to her destination. While the ticket collector was informing her for the third time that any train going to the left would take her to the Mansion House, I made a second entry on the Credit side. This was rather noble of me, but I felt she deserved one for such a display of caution. Excellent quality in a young Minister of State.

The five additional points which I then entered on the Debit side I afterwards crossed out. I felt that my personal feelings should not enter into the matter, and, after all, trains are very frequent on that line. I spent the time in drawing a more elaborate scheme of marks and remarks. This is how it runs:—

Pros. Cons. Brought forward 2 2

On her asking me if the next train was right for the Mansion House.

This showed a healthy mistrust for officialdom and a pleasing repetition of her caution.

On her asking a porter the same question directly afterwards.

(I haven't invented this—there really was a porter.) Over-caution—bad.

On her asking the conductor of the train the same question.

Persistency.

On her entering a smoking compartment in frantic haste.

Lack of perception.

Lack of presence of mind.

On her attempting to leave it after the train had started.

Willingness to acknowledge errors.

On the conductor calling, "All change!" asking him twice if she changed there for the Mansion House.

Useful heckling gift for member of Opposition.

(This occurred at South Kensington on one of the surviving semi-circle trains.)

On her asking me if the next train was right for the Mansion House.

Power of reposing confidence in the right person.

Useful gift for First Lord of the Admiralty.

On her asking the conductor the same question.

Tactlessness.

On her entering crowded smoking compartment in frantic haste.

Lack of perception.

Lack of presence of mind.

Brought forward 13 12
On her attempting to leave it after the train had started.

Lack of ability to profit by experience.

On her thanking me very much for my seat.

Politeness. Excellent quality for Leader of Opposition.

On her retaining the seat at Sloane Square instead of seeking a non-smoking compartment.

do. do. Victoria.

do. do. St. James's Park.

do. do. Westminster.

do. do. Charing Cross.

do. do. Temple.

do. do. Blackfriars.

15 178

It was my last entry—about a Member retaining a seat while another person was standing for it—that made my wife think I hadn't treated the matter seriously. She said that only a woman could apply the test with absolute impartiality. I am inclined, as they never give up their seats to other women, to agree with her.

NARROW ESCAPES.

It appears from his recently published biography that Mr. BRANSBY WILLIAMS, the well-known music-hall artist, was originally intended by his parents to become a missionary.

It would be a great mistake, however, to suppose that this is an isolated case of the abandonment of one career for another of a diametrically opposed character. As a matter of fact the annals of contemporary life teem with analogous cases of conversion.

Mr. RUFUS ISAACS not only wished to become a sailor, but actually went to sea before the jury mast. He was eventually called to the harbour bar, with results that are familiar to all our readers.

The late Sir HENRY IRVING as a boy cherished the ambition of being an engine-driver. He ultimately adopted the career of an actor, but found consolation for the change in a close friendship with his faithful STOKER.

The parents of Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN were bent on his entering the political arena, and confidently looked forward to his one day becoming Prime Minister. "After all," as the Bard wittily puts it, "I only missed it by one letter. Instead of being P.M., I am P.L."

Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL justified his Christian name in early youth by his first-rate fighting qualities, and had already challenged FITZSIMMONS when the success of "Pompador Jim" on the

boards induced him to abandon pugilism for histrionics. But to this day he prefers a strong, repellent, aggressive part to one of a pacifist character.

Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN was within an ace of becoming an archbishop—if he had adhered to his original intention of entering the Church. But on its being pointed out to him that his name would be worth a fortune in musical comedy, to say nothing of his golden voice and priceless deportment, he reconsidered his verdict. Yet to this day his ascetic features and rapt gaze often cause him to be mistaken for an archdeacon.

FRANCHISE FETTERMENTS.

THE "Woman's Freedom League Fancy Fair" has offered a prize for the best Suffragette blouse for practical wear, and Mr. Punch's modiste has entered the competition with the following design for a complete costume:—

Beehive hat in purple green and white straw, with long plume standing erect in front to tickle the constable's cheeks and reduce him to a state of hysterical collapse. Sterner measures indicated by 14-inch hat-pins, which are also specially designed to keep the headgear straight in the subsequent rough-and-tumble, and ensure a more dignified snapshot of the "Cause in Action" for the various Press cameras.

Blouse made of specially prepared oiled silk guaranteed to slip through the arms of the law. Cuffs and revers daintily edged with barbed wire in the latest shades, waistband and shoulder-straps to match. All fastenings made doubly secure by pins, the points uncovered to taste. The blouse should be made without a yoke, which must not be worn under any circumstances.

Skirt of stout grey gaberdine, warranted not to tear or catch on the tops of iron palings round public men's front gardens and statues. This garment, which is close and clinging, is provided with a patch pocket large enough to hold megaphone and dog-whip.

Chiffon boa two yards long, concealing along its length a slender steel chain with padlock attached.

Footwear, stout nature-form shoes with broad welts and spiked soles.

Hose, blue.

The *Birmingham Daily Post* reports the refloating, at Port Said, of a damaged steamer belonging to the "Societa Vene Ziana (sic) di Navigazione a Vapore."

"What news on the Ri Alto?"

Our Pampered Poultry.

"Convertible Carriage, for one to lay and one to sit."

Advt. in "*Sheffield Daily Independent*."



"LOOK HERE, MABEL, IF YOU SAY ANOTHER WORD ABOUT MACGREGOR'S FEET I SHAN'T PLAY WITH YOU ANY MORE."

"ALL RIGHT, DARLING. I'LL ONLY MAKE THE SERVANT SAY, 'DO YOU WANT YOUR BOOTS CLEANED, SIR?'"

According to *The Manchester Evening Chronicle* the Bishop of Manchester has made the suggestion that "all purveyors of injurious and immoral literature should be shut up in a library of wholesome literature till they were repentant." Surely the Right Rev. Prelate exaggerates the painfulness of this form of purgatory.

From *The Sportsman's* notice of the Harrow Sports:—

"Quarter-mile (big), G. F. Royle, 4 min. 57½ secs."

It seems to have been quite a "big" quarter-mile.

Hunting Notes.

Runs with the Rabbit Hounds.

From a catalogue:—

"Bay mare, 15-1, sound. Only reason for selling, close of rabbit season."

Military Tactics.

From a speech at a meeting of Postal Clerks:—

"Having once raised the siege they were not going to give up until it had fallen."

"Italian is the easiest language in which to sing, because it contains the fewest vowels and consonants."—*Scribner's Magazine*.

Diphthongs are its only other weak point.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE is something rather melodramatic about the conditions of the agreement between the two rivals which gives its name to Mr. RIDGWELL CULLUM's novel, *The Compact* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), but it is difficult to conceive anything too melodramatic for the country and the time in which the story is placed. As Mr. CULLUM suggests in a useful "Introduction," recent events in South Africa have largely obscured our recollection of those which preceded them, and it is scarcely realised that during the years following Majuba the land was a paradise for freebooters. He reproduces this atmosphere of lawlessness, with cross wind-currents of political scheming—BISMARCK and LORD DERBY, and W. E. FORSTER all contributing; and this makes his book so exceptionally readable that I am quite willing to accept the stagi situations which are introduced to round up the facts for popular consumption.

A purty tale for sartin sure
Have EDEN PHILLIPOTS took and writ

Along o' they on Dartymoor,
And HUTCHINSON be zellin' it.
Called *The Three Brothers*, zo it be,
For such it's most of it about,
But crowds o' volk besides them three

Keeps poppin' in and peerin' out.

He've done en all zo large as day;
Not mommets made o' bits an' scraps

After the hookem-snivey way
Of some o' these here writin' chaps,

But human bein's, gay and glum,
Ploddin' and flighty, false and true—

Some as I'd kick at sight, and some
I'd stand a pint o' liquor to.

Tommy Kingsmead, Earl of that ilk, has been compelled by poverty to sell *Kingsmead*, the home of his fathers, to old *Bath-Tub Lansing*, manufacturer. Mr. *Lansing* is rich, for there is something about his bath-tubs which makes them indispensable to every properly regulated household. He is a kind, unassuming, uneducated old gentleman with a kind old wife to match him, and he has an Oxford son, handsome as Apollo and a friend of *Tommy Kingsmead*. Also he has a daughter *Inez*, less agreeable, because she is more of a snob than her parents or her Greek god of a brother. *Tommy*, being a good little chap, comes to stay with this family in his own ancestral mansion in order to give them a lift with the stiff idiots who compose society round about *Kingsmead*. This is the basis of the story which the Baroness VON HUTTEN tells in *Kingsmead* (HUTCHINSON). In an amusing preface she apologises for various chronological inconsistencies which may trouble those who have read her earlier work and who now read this book. Some of her characters will be found to have grown up too soon in *Kingsmead*, particularly Pam, whom we all remember. Well, I own I don't mind much, for I thoroughly enjoyed the reading of her new book, and I heartily recommend

it. The Baroness has a friendly way with her, the sort of way that TRACERAY had, and TROLLOPE and our own beloved DU MAURIER. If she wants to make you love her characters she manages to do it. They are all real people, and they talk and act as such. Still, *Tommy Kingsmead* having in Chapter I. started to walk from the station and not having met with or been overtaken by any vehicle on his way, ought not to have been allowed to arrive at the courtyard in a cart in Chapter II.

If you have seen that play of newspaper life, *The Earth*, at the Kingsway, then you had better read Mr. OLIVER ONIONS' story of newspaper life, *Little Devil Doubt* (MURRAY); the novel, at any rate, carries conviction in every detail. Mr. ONIONS does not introduce us to the daily with the circulation of two millions, but to the companion magazines which thrive on its powers of advertisement; to *Sunny Sundays*, *The Boys' Billion*, *Chiyikes*, *Match Tricks*, and the rest of them. *Sunny Sundays* did not really begin to pay until the editor hit upon the brilliant idea of including each week a scandalous article from some other paper and commenting sorrowfully upon its more lurid improprieties—under the heading "Groans from Gomorrah." Readers of *The Boys' Billion* were invited to become members of the United Band of Billionaires, which involved practising the Band's grip, wearing the Band's badge, using the Band's dumb-bell, and devoting one evening a week to making *The Billion* better known. Though many joined, it was believed that the editor was the only man who invariably saluted his friends with the *Billion* grip. "*Chiyikes* and *Match Tricks* were edited by an Imperialist called Israels." For further information about these and other allied papers, I must refer you to *Little Devil Doubt*. Mr. ONIONS has written his best book so far; a delightful story, told with a reticent humour and feeling for character which make it excellent reading.



AN UNFORTUNATE COINCIDENCE.

When a gentleman sues for a lady's hand, it is not usual, I believe, for him to inform his beloved that, though he adores her, he rather prefers the society of a male friend. Nor is it usual, I fancy, for the lady to accept him on such terms; or to answer, like the heroine in Mr. JOHN BARNETT's new novel, *Geoffrey Cheriton* (SMITH, ELDER), "I used to fancy that the second place was impossible to me. But it isn't—it isn't! I'm really very proud to take it." However that may be, if the heroine does not mind playing second fiddle, I see no particular cause for the reader to cavil at the improbability of an uncommonly well-written novel. The best of the book is the everyday life in a City office, with all its petty meannesses, its jealousies, rivalries, and hopeless outlook: that at least rings true in every note. For the rest, the gentleman whose friendship ranked higher than the love of the lady does not move me. He is a kind of inferior *Steerforth*, and of such persons one may easily have more than enough, in real life and in fiction.